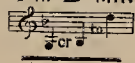
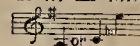


*H. J. Blumerfelt,  
College of Music,  
Toronto.*

Nº 1 IN D MINOR.



Nº 2 IN E MINOR.



THE  
"GALLANT SALAMANDER"



THE WORDS BY

*Clifton Bingham*



D'Auvergne Barnard.

PRICE 50 Cts.



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# THE CALLANT "SALAMANDER."

## SONG.

Words by  
CLIFTON BINGHAM.

Music by  
D'AUVERGNE BARNARD

*Maestoso.*

PIANO. *f*

*ad lib.*

'Twas the gal - lant "Sal - a - man - - - der," Twenty-one guns, all

*colla voce.* *f*

told, And as plucky a crew and com - mand - er, As ev - er fought of

*in strict time.*

old. 'Twas a love - ly sum - mer's morn - ing, The

*in strict time.*

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction marked 'Maestoso' and 'f' (forte). The piano part features a complex, rhythmic accompaniment with many beamed sixteenth and thirty-second notes. The vocal line enters with the lyrics "'Twas the gal - lant 'Sal - a - man - - - der,' Twenty-one guns, all told, And as plucky a crew and com - mand - er, As ev - er fought of old. 'Twas a love - ly sum - mer's morn - ing, The". The tempo changes to 'in strict time' for the final line. The score is written in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time.

*agitato.* *slower*

sea was calm and bright, When sud-den-ly to the nor'-ward A

*trem.* *colla*

*& well marked.* *a tempo.*

strange sail hove in sight! The cap - tain took his glass up, And

*voce.* *a tempo.*

*boldly.*

look'd a - way to sea; "Tis a foe - man, and a strong one, But we'll

tac - kle her," cried he, "We'll tac - kle her," cried he!

*f* *maestoso.*



*ad lib.*

'Twas the

*colla voce.*

gal - lant "Sal - a - man - der," And the foe was a sev\_en\_ty-

-four, Three times her size, and a - board her A

*f with force.*

dozen to one or more. She called on him to sur\_ren - der With

one con - temptuous gun; "Let go," cried the cap - tain,

"show her We will nei - ther yield nor run, We'll nei - ther yield nor

*slower.*

*rall:*

*in strict time.*

run!" And he fought that seventy - four, lads, From morn till twi - light

*a tempo.*

*well marked ad lib:*

grey; If ev - er a "Sal - a - mander" Ate fire, one did that

day! *Allegro agitato.* They *agitato.*  
 fought till the sun was set - ting, And the sea grew dark with night, And they  
*trem:*  
*basso ben marcato.*  
 fought a - gain at morn - ing, As soon as it was light. They *well*  
*f* *rall.*  
*marked.* *rall:* *ad lib.*  
 fought till her brave com - mander And half of her crew had died, Then  
*rall: p* *colla voce*



down went the "Sal - a - man - der" And her foe - man side by

*with much expression.*

side! And there they lie to - ge - ther, And till England's heart grows

*with force.*

cold, Shall this yarn of the "Sal - a - man - der" And her fight to the death be

*ad lib. cres:*

*with force. colla voce.*

told, And her fight to the death be told!

*ff*

*colla voce.*

*dim:*

*f*

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**DAFFODIL TIME.**  
IN E<sub>b</sub> (E<sub>b</sub> to F)

Theo. Marzials.

Daf-fo-dil time, Daf-fo-dil time, None but the birds have seen them. Daf-fo-dil time, Daf-fo-dil time.

*pp* *ff* *pp*

Price 50 ¢

**THE POET'S SONG.**  
IN D (C<sup>#</sup> to E)

Hope Temple.

The spring was bud-ing a ma-den a-rose, And pass'd thro' the lane and town to the stream, The wild flow'rs seat-ter'd their

*p* *cres.* *p*

Price 40 ¢

*grazioso.*

**DOCTOR HYMEN.**  
IN C (C to C) E<sub>b</sub> & F.

Henry Pontet.

Love, one day, was ve-ry, ve-ry ill, All the world was in a fright; Vainly they sought to keep him still, His pulse beat high and his

*p* *a tempo.* *rit.* *rit.*

Price 40 ¢

**A MOTHER'S LOVE.**  
IN F (G to F)

Hope Temple.

I re-mem-ber yet a cot-tage in a quaint old vil-lage street, With its thres-hold still and sun-ny, worn by cen-tu-ries of feet.

*rit.*

Price 50 ¢

**FINE FEATHERS.**  
IN F (E to F)

J. E. German.

But the small bird sang in its own sweet words 'Tis not fine feathers that make fine birds But the small bird sang in its own sweet words 'Tis

*p* *leggiere.* *espress e rall.* *espress e rall.*

Price 40 ¢

**SNOWY BREASTED PEARL.**  
IN C (C to E) D, E<sub>b</sub> & F.

Robinson.

Oh! she is not like the rose, That proud in beau-ty glows, And boast-eth that she's so wond-rous fair, But she's like the Vio-let blue, Ever

*p* *p* *p*

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